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THE UNION OF THE DEMOCRACY

FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

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POETICAL.



The Heart's Seasons.

BY RICHARD COE.

There is a Spring-time of the heart—
'Tis found in infancy—
When on its mother's breast the babe
First smiles in dimpled glee;
When like the bud upon the stem,
Its life is but begun,
And pearly tear-drops flee the eyes,
As shadows flee the sun!

There is a Summer of the heart—
'Tis found in early youth—
When life is full of joyousness,
Of innocence and truth;
When clouds of sorrow intervene
To mar the sky so bright,
And all is but a fairy scene
Of exquisite delight!

There is an Autumn of the heart—
'Tis found in ripeness—
When sorrow is a familiar thing,
And grief in heritage;
When shadows thick and dark come o'er
The beauty of the sky,
And by their dim obscurity
Foretell some danger nigh!

There is a Winter of the heart—
'Tis found in later years—
When life is full of bitterness,
Of vain, regretful tears;
When stormy winds and chilling blasts
Blow with so fierce a breath,
That we would fain seek shelter in
The anchorage of death!

When'er the Autumn of the heart
And Winter's cold and chilling blasts
Remind us of the tomb,
If we but act our parts aright
On Time's uncertain shore,
Our souls may know in purer climes,
A summer evermore.

End of the Union Organization in Georgia.

We have in our Georgia exchanges full proceedings of the "Constitutional Union Convention," which met at Milledgeville on the 22nd April. After a warm discussion, and great commotion of the hostile elements composing the body, a resolution was adopted by the preponderating whig votes, declaring it inexpedient to send delegates to either National Convention. This course was determined by the recent event in the caucus at Washington, telegraphic despatches having been received from Senator Dawson, advising his friends thereof.

As soon as the main body adjourned the dissenting members, to the number of about forty, organized another convention, adopted a platform, and appointed 21 delegates to the democratic convention at Baltimore.

This may be considered the "finality" of the Union organization in Georgia—the only State where there was the remotest probability of a third party in the Presidential canvass.

Judge Jeffries, taking a dislike to a witness who had a very long beard told him "that if the conscience was as long as his beard, he had a swinging one." To which the fellow replied, "My lord, if the conscience is to be measured by the beard, your lordship has neither the one nor the other."

The following is now being debated before the Tilletublem Lyceum:

"Which causes a young girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised or another gal run down." We shall issue the decision in an extra.

Hardest Case Yet.—A few nights since, says the Boston Bee, a journeyman printer in that city had made preparations to marry; but strange to say, the poor fellow was on a morning paper, and could not get a "Sub." Business was crowding at the office, and he must attend to work; so the parson was sent for, the rites performed, and the poor jout had to leave his wife, go to the office, and—

Work all night,
Till broad day light,
And go home to his wife in the morning!

For the Woodville Republican.

Mr. Editor.—When Jupiter, "the father of the immortals and God of mortal men," could no longer protect an object of his earthly love from the vengeance of his celestial spouse, quickly and beautifully, at the omnipotent fiat, arose, from beneath the ocean wave, the far Isle of "Boating Delas," whereon were brought, in safety, to see the light "the god-de-cending train," who eventually became the protecting deities of a mighty race of men—so, when a persecuted institution of the modern times could find no safe abiding-place from the enveloped shafts of an ever-ascending foe, whereon to repose in peace her bleeding and cruelly-lacerated frame, a master mind—a moral and intellectual giant, of the age, clad in the stout panoply of reason and truth, steps forth, and from the ocean depths of thought, produces a "Delian Isle" freighted with a rich cargo of truth—telling principles, which, whilst they must prove an aerial host to the institution over which their shining pinions already vouchsafe a protecting Eges, will, at the same time, kindle a fresh beacon blaze to the scientific word and throw a still stronger light upon this yet dark-trodden path of human investigation.

This mental "Delas," now coasting along the sea of thought, is no other than a very interesting work which has recently made its advent into the literary world, under the title of "Studies on Slavery," by Mr. Fletcher, of the sister State, Louisiana—a work evincing, at once, such profound study, so many varied requirements, and such a comprehensive grasp of the wide field of philosophy research, and that too, upon a subject of such a paramount interest to the mass of reflecting mind of his age, that it cannot but succeed in asserting its rightful claim to enjoy happy companionship with those other great literary productions which are now busily at work in agitating and influencing those under-currents of human society, which, rushing madly on, only to lose themselves in the raging vortex of public opinion, nevertheless carry upon their bo-oms mighty principles "ever big with the fates" of untold millions. This work must at once, place its able author among that "charmed circle," "that favored number," "whose names were never born to die."

Upon an inviting theme, even the most ordinary mind can command our attention, and, perhaps interest us, provided he will only continue to supply us with such facts as may lead us to think for ourselves; but, when that selfsame subject is touched upon by the "grey goose quill," of the genuine philosopher, who, not content with a hick point of observation, but boldly ascending some Alpine height, hurls down upon us, at every step, such a mighty avalanche of great and soul-stirring thoughts, that, Sisyphean-like, we find ourselves eternally engaged in heaving up to the mountain top one great idea, only to descend to our former level to roll up the same or a kindred one again; 'tis to such a one alone, we can willingly accord our tribute of praise, and sincerely regret, when being placed upon a commanding elevation, overlooking a vast panorama stretching out, at his feet, poor Sisyphean, resting, for a time, from the cruel tedium of his monotonous condemnation, is left to draw one long, refreshing breath, and to quietly enjoy the sweet exhilaration which this fresh, mountain air has breathed upon the spirit of his own, blue-devil speculations.

Such a one, is certainly the author of the "Studies."

We have just arisen from a very absorbing perusal of this work, and are happy to express ourselves justified in deeming the learned author rather tenacious on certain minor points in this admirable chain of argument which, *per se*, can have no material bearing upon the validity of the argument, considered as a whole. Yet, any one on attentive examination, will perceive that they were intended to rest on no stronger a basis than the airy pillars of speculation, which the author carries along with him as a kind of a "reserve corps." But no praise however elevated—no criticism, however searching can add to, or detract a single iota from the merits of this charming, and purely disinterested work. To all such as have a penchant for, or are even grown gaily with intellectual epicureanism they will find in this work a sumptuous treat—a *hush-course* offered to any dish *de genre* that has, as yet, been served up to their fastidious appetites. The philosopher, the statesman, the jurist, the general scholar, the Divine—indeed every mental worker—will find enclosed within its invaluable pages a repository of ideas suited to the individual wants of each, whilst they are calculated to interest, are, at the same time, suggestive of many beautiful trains of thought susceptible of advantageous, and almost indefinite expansion. But, it is to the Slaveholder that this work more particularly addresses itself, and is therefore of the most vital interest. He is made to see—so far indeed as all conclusions based upon the most rigid principles of moral evidence can prove an infallible light to the mind's eye—that it is his duty as a Christian and philanthropist as a responsible moral agent to wholly disengage himself from those subtle meshes which the refined sophistries of pando "Higher Law" school of fanatical

propagandists may have adroitly thrown around an easily assailable point, and, regard himself, as he really is, a divinely concentrated instrument, through whom alone, under the guidance of infinite wisdom, the ultimate regeneration of an object and degraded race is ever to be accomplished. It is not our object to enter into a full exposure of the author's very able argument in defence of the Institution of Slavery—indeed, such an attempt would be out of place here, coming as it does more legitimately under the province of the reviewer, and we could but reproach ourselves with a descent to burlesque; but, we may perhaps, be held pardonable, and in a measure, escape such a charge in presenting the mere *basis* upon which this imposing structure rests.

The author, after a very happy repudiation of the so-called "dogmas" which have been so fondly built up into a bungling confusion of faith by a certain portion of American Society who have established beyond all question, the infallibility of such great lights as Drs. Wayland, Channing, and Barnes—the former, in virtue of a direct inspiration having revealed to him the actual existence of a newborn faculty called "the moral sense"—the two latter, in consideration of their reputed puppet actions, proceeds to show that slavery is as necessary a consequence upon the first transgression as are death, and all those other devastating ills that have followed the fatal train of the violated law, and fixed to its brink the cup of human life with deep misery and woe; and that as such it has become a *fixed law* which can never be abrogated so long as truth is immutable or the seeds of depravity remain planted in the human heart. He regards it as a vast moral reservoir—a great Bethsadan Pool—in which, all those corruptions, lurking humanity down into the abyss of physical and moral destruction, are arrested and washed away by the one agitating influence of a superior race—a race, still reposing under the shadow of the Patriarchal Covenant, and which is always to be the "salt of the earth"—the "light of the world"—so long as it keeps alive the sacred fire and preserves, in purity, the true worship of the living God. He would justify slavery on the same grounds that a moralist, reasoning *a priori* upon the existence and attributes of the deity, recognizes the justice of that doom which has been pronounced upon a fallen race; and argues that Slavery is nothing short of a temporal death, from which, its unfortunate victims can only be resuscitated through the might of a temporal power—whose power, through the attribute of mercy, is vested in a superior race—so made by virtue of its having paid a stricter obedience to the moral law; and that the simple act of assuming the governance and control of a race, steeped in the lowest depths of degradation—the result of sin—is, by the very law of love, made a *right* and a *duty* directly incumbent upon every true Christian and philanthropist. This single idea is the great stand point of the author's argument, around which all collateral evidence is made, in striking harmony, to revolve. Sin is his whirling argument to justify the attribute of Vengeance, and Slavery, is one of the dark executors of justice exacting temporal retributions of the souls of men for their wilful depravity. In this light, he regards the whole human family as a race of slaves—slaves to sin, and reasoning *a priori*, concludes that, inasmuch, as a course of sin, pursued either by the individual or the nation, leads to inevitable degradation, both physically and mentally a degradation to which, Slavery is, in the majority of cases, a happy and even desirable elevation, such individual or society of individuals, thus reduced, has, agreeable to our idea of human rights and the revealed will of God, sustained a rightful claim to the same civil and political liberties, which for want of a better word, men have designated, Freedom—the invaluable rights of rational creatures who have made the laws of God, the laws of accountable men.

He is no further an advocate of making the "law of might, the law of right," than is the civil authority when it exacts labor of mendicant who has sought an asylum within the precincts of the poor house; or, the convict, who drags out a miserable existence under the key of the State prison, and recognizes in the law of "crime and captivity," no other legitimate office than that of regeneration and reformation, to be carried on, (he thinks), from generation to generation, till—to use an oft illustration of the author—"the sour grapes eaten by the parents 'will cease' to put the children's teeth on edge." Now "this is the rub"—the great turning point of the whole argument, and we leave it to the readers of the "Studies" to determine whether or not the author has made it appear to the unprejudiced mind that the law of "transmission" is a right. Sir Wm. Blackstone, declares (de Jure p. 124.) that there is no such thing as a *absolute* freedom, and that man, in becoming a member of society—in subscribing to the social compact, surrenders a portion of his liberties in order that he may enjoy a protection which that compact holds out to him.

If, however he should act in bad faith to the spirit of that compact, by openly violating the sanctity of those eternal principles of justice which Sir William has called the "Rights of Man," Sir William tells him, "Sir, you have, this moment, ceased to be a member of society—you are guilty of a high crime—you have declared yourself an enemy to God and man, and have consequently become a dead letter in the eye of the law—you have forfeited every right belonging to you, as a lawful subject; yet, as

you are still a moral agent, I entreat you to look to your God—death is the penalty of your crime." So far, Sir William heeds those bonds, thunder tones, issuing from rembling Sinai. He descends to the plain, but lo! what a right! the whole nation is sewing to a molten calf! Too true it is that human jurisprudence, from the very constitution of man resolves itself into two distinct subjects of thought, justice and mercy, causing the stern decrees of an ever inflexible judiciary to be nullified by the frail and sickly acts of a fearful executive. Now so long as the science of equity presents this double visage, so long must the idea of "human rights" be a chimera, freedom a "stinking symbol," and slavery the necessary heritage of a great, or, the greater, portion of the human family.

Is this a *non sequitur*? We shall soon see. Sir William has already said that the criminal under the sentence of death is a *nonentity* destitute of every right claimed by the freeman. This individual is Mr. Fletcher's slave; whom, the enlightened humanity of the age, however unwilling to condemn to a natural death, and decreeing instead a lifetime of hard labor *in carcere*, regards as a freeman! How does this boasted humanitarian system work? In ninety nine cases out of a hundred, even off the very darkest crimes, justice rejects, or rather, which is very much the same thing, mercy intercedes, and swarms of dark, degraded and unregenerated felons are annually turned loose, after a few years of slavery from the punishments of our numerous State prisons, only to settle down upon the bosom of society to infect the whole atmosphere with the fatal miasma of their state pampered crimes. This only goes to prove that society in decreeing the abolition of capital punishment is only raking the sword of justice the instrument, with which, she in a moment of inevitable delirium, is to inflict the suicidal blow. It however involves a great principle, which, whilst bringing us directly to the point at issue, throws us back, at the same time, upon Mr. Fletcher's strong and unimpeachable position.

The spirit of the social compact—if not, indeed, the very wants of human nature—necessarily presupposes a diversity of orders, or, separate grades in the constitution of society. Without the existence of this whole some regulation, civilization itself, instead of continually progressing would be always on the retrograde; and its glaring torch would soon be extinguished in the midnight darkness of Barbarism. In fact, this is the only worthy distinction, definitely defining the difference between the savage and the civilized state. Does this grand distinction however, come under the cognizance of the law? Never! It is the darling offspring of a mightier power—of that great arch Motive of human pride and reason—that omnipotent engine of real or woe, the "ignis fatuus" of all mortal hope the doubtful viager of justice, the infallible "vox populi." Now, these several classes of society have necessarily, to occupy some fixed, relative position in regard to each other. And what has been, from time immemorial, the features of this particular relation? None other than that of superior to inferior. Monarchies and despotisms recognize but two classes, the higher and lower. Republics three, higher, lower, and intermediate. Who, now is to act the umpire, in this very nice question, and decide who shall be the superior and who the inferior? The "vox populi" and the "vox legis," two inseparable and coordinate powers in all matters touching upon principles and rights, are, in this place, complete aliens to each other "vox populi" or "vox legis" arrogates this peculiar prerogative to himself and declares that, "he shall be superior who is superior, and he, in inferior who is inferior." Mr. Vaz Populi, we regret to say, argues in a circle, but, as he pretends to be a logician, Mr. Vaz Populi can't take offence when demanded to explain himself. We, therefore, in all the simplicity of our hearts, ask of Mr. Vaz Populi by what titles does he designate the superior and the inferior. He tells us that he will readily comply, provided we will not shut our ears against the voice of religion, the appeals of truth and the dictates of common sense.

We respectfully bow, and Mr. V. P. says, that, under the English Constitution—the very quintessence of the Jewish Economy—the superior and inferior are called *lord and serf*, a free gentleman of wealth, and a gentleman free of wealth; but that among a nation of "rotter barbarians" they are called master and slave.

We then request him to point out the difference between the white, gentleman *serf* and the white gentleman *slave*. To which he replies with a mighty flourish of rhetoric and the most rapturous bursts of persuasive eloquence, that, the "higher law" commands such and such, and that, Sir W. Blackstone says so and so, but after all is brought to confess the point which all enlightened minds must admit, that the slave is the servant of one master and the *serf* the slave of many; and that the slave, though born to *inferior*, is as happy as the *serf* who is driven to it. Behold! *labor creates the slave*; in labor, and the superior race, the rights of man! Since therefore, Messrs. Vaz Populi and Vaz Legis are unwilling to determine, as a question of *right*, who is to be the superior and who the inferior, the former individual is certainly of all the madmen, the least competent to give us a definition of the word slavery. Slavery then under the administration of enlightened law is that peculiar feature of human society, which having for its object the elevation of fallen humanity in the great scale of moral

and (if possible) intellectual being, proposes as the *wisest* means of attaining so desirable an end, the *perpetual* relationship as a proper remuneration—of slave to master; or, an institution, which being founded in necessity, makes the law of necessity the law of right.

But to return. Mr. Fletcher now comes to the most interesting and ably supported part of his whole argument—*negro slavery*. 'Tis on this point that the author displays his truly Herculean powers. Every page is but a fresh steel leaf which he, unconsciously tears out from the vast volume of his brain and with a prophetic nod, casts out upon the dark and confining tempests of popular opinion, *vae victis*. Slaveholders! collect these precious leaves. Statesmen! entwine them with your garland wreaths. Patriots! train them to grow, like ivy clusters, around the altars of your hearts—for, upon them are strongly traced, in letters of glowing light; those mighty principles; which are at once, the palladium of your country's hopes and the stout bulwark of your children's rights.

The learned author has been, up to this, only scattering a few random shot among that insect host of pigmy souls and dwarfish intellects, who have been making the very vault of heaven ring, by striking their symphonious harps to the spirit kindling anthem, *Oh glorious equality!* Now however he washes hands; and as a great high priest of truth, fearlessly declares her solemn oracles to man's better judgement and his more enlightened reason. JUSTICE

Flogging an Editor.

Some years ago, a populous town, located towards the interior of Mississippi, was infested by a gang of black legs, who amused themselves at times, when they could find no body else to pluck, by preying upon each other. A new importation of these sporting genies excited some alarm among the inhabitants, lest they should be completely overrun; they determined, therefore, on their expulsion. A poor wretch of a country editor, who was expected, by virtue of his vocation, to take upon himself all the responsibilities from which others might choose to shrink, was temporarily called upon by his "patrons"—that is, those who paid him \$3 a year for his paper, and therefore presumed they owned him, soul and body—to make an effort towards the extermination of the enemy. The unfortunate editor, being gifted with just about as much brains as money, his skull and purse both empty—said at once that he would indite a "flasher," one that would undoubtedly drive the obnoxious vermin into some more habitable region. And when his paper appeared, it was a "flasher," sure enough. In the course of his observations, he gave the initials of several of the fraternity, whom he desired to leave town as speedily as possible, if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon.

The next morning, while the poor scribe was comfortably seated in his office, listlessly fumbling over a meagre parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and presently, an individual having accomplished the ascent, made his appearance. His first salutation was slightly abrupt.

"Where is the editor of this dirty lying paper?"

Now, aside from the rudeness of this opening interrogatory there were other considerations which induced the editor to believe there was trouble on foot. The person who addressed him bore a cowhide in his hand, and moreover, he seemed exceedingly enraged. This was not all; he recognized in him a distinguished leader of the sporting fraternity, with whose cognomen he had taken very irreverent liberties. It was without the slightest hesitation, therefore, that he replied to the conductor's query—

"I don't know."

"Do you belong to the concern?"

"No, indeed, but I presume the editor will be in soon."

"Well," said the visitor, "I will wait for him." And suiting the action to the word, he composedly took a seat, picked up a paper and commenced reading.

"If I meet him," said the frightened editor, "I will tell him there is a gentleman here who wishes to see him."

As soon as he touched the foot of the stairs, in his hasty retreat, he was accosted by another person, who thus made himself known:

"Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal who has charge of this villainous sheet?" producing the last number of "Freedom's Echo," and the Battle Axe of Liberty."

"Yes," replied the editor, "he is up in the office now, reading, with his back to the door."

"Thank you," exclaimed the stranger, as he bounced up stairs.

"I've got you, have I?" ejaculated he as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity, and they came crashing to the floor together.

As the combatants, notwithstanding

the similarity of their vocation, happened to be unacquainted with each other, a very petty quarrel ensued.—First one was at the top, then the other. Blow followed blow, kick followed kick and oath followed oath, until bruised, exhausted and bloody, with features resembling deaf Burke, after a two hours pugilistic encounter, there was by mutual consent, a cessation of hostilities. As the warriors sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first comer found breath enough to ask—

"Who are you? What did you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel!"

"Me! I'm not the editor. I come up here to flog him, myself!"

Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the two mistaken gentlemen retired to bind up their wounds. As the story comes to us, the distinguished individual, whose vocation it was to enlighten the world by the aid of that great engine, the press, escaped scot free.

Water Melons.

I have some reputation in these parts as a successful raiser of water melons, and will give you my plan. I select a sandy piece of and break it up well in January or February again just before I plant. I then check it off 12 feet, scraping out at the intersection of the furrows a hole large enough to contain a peck or so of cotton seed. Upon this I make a broad flat hill, elevated about 8 inches, in which I deposit the seed about the first or middle of April, 10 or 12 to each hill to secure a stand. So soon as they have attained a sufficient size to be safe, I thin out to two in a hill; they are then plowed and crossed-plowed, repeating the operation once or twice, and should be frequently and repeatedly worked with the hoe, disturbing the vines as little as possible. As the water melon bears on the main vines and not on the laterals, it should never be pinched off, if any pruning is done, a few of the side branches may be taken off; but I am convinced, from many trials, it does but little or no good. I neither increase the size, quantity nor quality of the fruit. If the weather should be rainy, the application of liquid manure in moderate quantities, has the effect of producing a very rapid growth of vine, and helps the fruit much. In dry weather it does not answer so well, being liable to scorch or fire the vine. I last year tried the application of sugar to a few hills, at the rate of half a pound to each hill, and thought it hastened the ripening, besides adding to the size and flavor of the melons. I shall repeat the experiment next year.—South Carolinian.

It will be seen that the new convert of democracy, Walter Brooke, was an active participant in the whig congressional caucus. This is the proof he gives that he will represent the dominant party in this State.

Beautiful.—The Cincinnati Enquirer of the 24th ult., says:

"On Monday night last, a party of females, armed with clubs, entered a drinking saloon at Mount Vernon, in this State, and made a general smash up of decanters, bottles, jars, etc., and departed, leaving the place a promiscuously piled up mass of broken glass, peanuts, whiskey, candy, etc."

The Banner says it was one of the efforts to enforce the provisions of the Maine temperance law, and was encouraged and sustained by men belonging to the temperance organization. The women are certainly progressing some up in that direction."

A Modest Clerk.—A young lady, with a mind intent on shopping, entered a store on a certain occasion, and addressing a fresh looking rosy cheeked youth, desired to know if he had any nice silk hose.

"Certainly, Miss," replied he, and immediately the counter was strewn with the delicate articles.

After selecting a pair, she looked up very innocently, and inquired—

"How high do they come, sir?"

The clerk flushed, turned all sorts of colors, but spoke not a word. She gave him a look of surprise, and again repeated her question.

Again the youth stammered and said:

"Really Miss—that is to say—I think—could not be positive—but my impression is, they come just about the knee."

To Cure a Sore Conscience.—Go to a printer whom you owe—rub an eagle in his hand till it sticks. The effect on yourself will be most cheering, and on him "astonishing."

Douglas Jerrold says: "The women are all alike. When they are nudes, they're mild as milk; once make them wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates and defy you."

"Glory to goodness!" said an old woman who had fancied out of a wandary, "I have borrowed money enough to pay all my debts!"

An editor up North says he never dotted an *i* but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a contemporary.